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EXPLORATION IN THE HIMALAYAS.

FROM time to time books of science and travel appear, which are not more remarkable for the courage and perseverance of the explorers than for the admirable literary style which marks their narration of the story of the expedition. Among this class of books is the one before us. It is entitled: 'Climbing and Exploration in the Karakoram-Himalayas,' by William Martin Conway (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1894). Mr Conway is already the author of two books on the Pennine Alps, as also of numerous works upon art and artists. That his knowledge of art is not less remarkable than his success in exploration, is shown by a fact not generally known. When the new edition of *Chambers's Encyclopedia* was being arranged for, Mr Ruskin undertook to write the article upon ART. Ill-health, however, prevented that distinguished writer from fulfilling his engagement, but he referred the publishers of the work to Mr W. Martin Conway, who wrote the article as it now appears in the *Encyclopedia*. This was a compliment as to art-knowledge which any author might be proud to receive. The book before us is marked by the beauty of style which such a recommendation implies.

The district of the Himalayas known as the Karakoram is one with regard to which not much of a definite kind is known. Mr Conway tells us that there are only two previous explorers of any part of those snowy regions visited by him and his companions, whose work calls for attention. These were Colonel Goodwin-Austen and Captain Younghusband. The former visited the Karakoram Mountains in the years 1860 and 1861, and described his journey in a paper which was read before the Royal Geographical Society in 1864, and published by them in the *Journal of the Society* for that year. The other explorer, Captain Younghusband, was entrusted by the Indian Government to form a map or chart indicating the position of watersheds, peaks,

and main ridges, as also the limits of glaciers. He accomplished the work thus required of him.

When Mr Conway, at the instance and with the pecuniary help of the Royal Geographical Society, undertook the conduct of a new expedition, he was accompanied by the Hon. C. G. Bruce, Mr McCormick, the artist of the party, Messrs Eckenstein and Rondebush, Matthias Zurbriggen, a well-known guide, some Gurkhas, and other native attendants, with a number of coolies to expedite the luggage. The explorers spent in all eighty-four days on snow or glacier, and reached a height of 23,000 feet.

The explorers left London on February 5, 1892, reached India, and by March 11th their journey on land by rail was approaching an end. 'We were still in the plains,' says Mr Conway, 'about half-way between Jhelam and Rawal Pindi, but the rampart of the north was visible, and the sun presently rose from behind the hills, and shone down their hither slopes, revealing snow-beds and crests as of everlasting ice. The foreground was a strange maze of twisting gullies, cut about in all directions by torrents of the rains, and leaving little of the level floor of the plain unbroken. But farther away, the edges of the gullies were foreshortened against one another, and an effect of flatness was produced stretching to the foothills, over whose crests and through their gaps the higher snowy outlines of the Pir Panjal Himalayas were revealed. Here and there, cloud cataracts poured over the cold ridges, but only to melt away in the warm southern air. It was a fine scene.'

It would not be within the scope of this notice to give a detailed account of the journey of many days until, on the 25th of April, the watershed of the Himalayas was passed, and our travellers had entered the basin of the Upper Indus, the farther side of which is embanked by the Karakoram-Himalayas, which they had come to see. The

journey had been for many reasons a trying one—the way being mostly over soft snow, amid showers of hail and sleet, and blinding drifts of snow. When the last snow was left behind them, they sat down in the shadow of some big boulders, and were thankful, for the sun was hot, and the previous day had fatigued them all. After crossing the valleys that lay between them and the object of their journey, and climbing many a glacier and moraine on the lower spurs of the Karakoram Mountains, they found themselves, on the 28th of May, at a spot which they named Windy Camp, 12,610 feet above the sea. It was a small flat meadow of rank grass surrounded by winter snow, wherein bears had trodden their tracks.

‘We noticed,’ remarks Mr Conway, ‘that the tributary glaciers to the east were greatly shrunken, after the manner of the Alpine glaciers; but the main ice-stream at the Windy Angle was filling up and washing right over the moraine it had deposited in its present reduced condition. . . . We found no plants in blossom at the Angle, but there were plenty that would brighten the hillsides in a month’s time. . . . The weather began to mend from the moment of our arrival, and one by one the great peaks looked forth. The Burchi Peaks appeared first, then the fine Emerald Mountain which we had come to woo. Close before us were the sources of the Gargo glacier; beyond them the mighty wall swept grandly aloft to a height of upwards of 20,000 feet. The only visible outlet to the deep basin in which we lay was a narrow glimpse down the valley to the west.’

A few days afterwards, the travellers had crossed the glacier to the foot of the great icefall from the Emerald Pass, and here they beheld a huge avalanche-cloud descending over the whole width of the icefall, utterly enveloping both it and a small rock-rib and couloir beside it. The fall started from the very top of the Lower Burchi Peak, and tumbled on to the plateau above the icefall; it flowed over this, and came down upon the icefall itself. ‘We saw the cloud before we heard the noise, and then it only reached us as a distant rumble. We had no means of guessing the amount of solid snow and ice that there might be in the heart of the cloud. The rumble increased in loudness, and was soon a thunder that swallowed up our puny shouts, so that Bruce could not hear our roaring. Had he heard, he could easily have reached the sheltered position we gained before the cloud came on him.’ . . . Bruce and his company, ‘afterwards declared to us that they raced away like wild men, jumping crevasses which they could not have cleared in cold blood. When the snow-dust enveloped them, the wind raised by it cast them headlong on the ice. This, however, was the worst that happened. The snow peppered them all over, and soaked them to the skin; but the solid part of the avalanche was happily arrested in the midst of the icefall, and never came in sight. When the fog cleared, they were all so out of breath that for some minutes they could only stand and regard one another in panting

silence. They presently rejoined us, and we halted for a time on the pleasant grass.’

On a different occasion the travellers had another opportunity of seeing in safety the terrible effects of an avalanche. They were at this time at a height of 15,680 feet. As they were talking together, suddenly they heard a crash high up in the gorge, followed by the boom of an approaching avalanche. ‘A mass of ice had fallen from the cliff at the top, and was ploughing its way down to the glacier. It seemed ages before it came in sight. It passed in two streams of mighty flow. Suddenly one of the Gurkhas jumped up, crying, “Ibex! Ibex!” and sure enough there was one poor beast carried down in the resistless torrent. “Another! another! Two! Three! Four!” There was in fact a whole herd of them, all dead. They must have been passing under the ice-cliff when the fall occurred. One of them was ultimately pitched out of the side of the avalanche and left upon the snow-slope; but the others were carried to the foot of the couloir and buried, hopelessly beyond discovery.’ Zurbruggen and two others started down after the dead animal, and with some difficulty they managed to secure the doe, which they promptly cut up, delighted with the prospect of joints.

At the great elevation which we have just mentioned—higher than the height of Mont Blanc—every man of the party suffered from headache. Their pulses beat with more than usual rapidity. They all felt a disinclination to do anything that involved change of position, and it required an effort of will to get up and read the barometer and other instruments. ‘We had a tendency,’ observes Mr Conway, ‘to place ourselves in such attitudes as left the chest most free, and I observed that during the latter part of the ascent I walked more easily with my hands resting on my hips than hanging by my sides. Bruce desired to take occasional deep inspirations. My fatigue, and the feeling of weight in the legs, was immediately diminished if, in walking uphill, I breathed more deeply and rapidly than usual; but, to keep this up, one’s breathing muscles must be got into training, which takes time. We never afterwards experienced so much discomfort at so low a level.’

After many stirring experiences and adventurous episodes, all strikingly told, the travellers, on August 10, reached an altitude of 18,600 feet. Though at this great height, they felt little inconvenience from the rarity of the air as long as they advanced at a steady pace, and were not obliged to take up cramped positions or to hold the breath. On the following days, snow fell heavily, but still they pressed upwards. Again the party all suffered from the difficulty of breathing, which Mr Conway on this occasion regards as being connected with the stagnation of the air in the enclosed valley through which they were passing, and with the heat of the sun. That there is some reason for this opinion is evinced by the fact that this difficulty of breathing disappeared to a great extent when the sun was covered by a tolerably thick cloud, or if there was a wind. It utterly disappeared the moment they sat down.

On the evening of the 19th they witnessed a glorious sunset. All the peaks were clear, save a few in the west, which flew light streamers from their summits towards the south. The finest was the Mustagh Matterhorn. The red light refracted from the hidden sun made all these streamers flame against the sky, crimson banners flying from black towers. The effect lasted a few moments, and was gone; it was one of the finest visions of colour that the summer yielded us.

On August 21st, the party had reached the height of 18,200 feet. Their camping-ground was mere open snow-field, and do what they would, snow insisted in creeping into the tent and making everything damp. Their provisions by this time were scanty, and there was nothing to drink but snow that refused to melt. The sky on this afternoon had been overcast and threatening, and the sun shone but fitfully. 'Just as we were settling down to sleep, at sunset we caught a glimpse, through a chink of the tent door, of a delicate pink light, and faint blue shadows on the highest snowfield of the Throne Peak. We hurried out to look towards the west, and beheld a sky of liquid gold, line beyond line of golden clouds in a bed of blue, just resting on the highest peaks—a wondrous and indeed an awful sight, beautiful but threatening. As the darkness closed in, and the night grew cold, we did our best to sleep. The heat and toil of the day left me with a dreadful headache, which did not take its departure till the early hours of the morning.' Next morning, clouds covered all the sky, which still retained its threatening appearance. They proceeded to make breakfast. 'The Rob Roy lamp was filled with spirit to boil the water, and instantly began to roar and rage, so that we all ran out of the tent as fast as we could. It requires some skill to work these lamps smoothly at high elevations. At home they burn as kindly as can be, but at 18,000 feet they put on all sorts of airs and graces. Perhaps Kashmir spirit is none of the best. At all events, it does not boil water, even at the low boiling-points of high altitudes, anything like so fast as lower down. Then the spirit seems always to be watching its opportunity to go out. Once well alight, however, it fumes and frets and sputters, scatters burning drops all around, and oozes out alight from any chink in the apparatus it can find, till the whole tent seems full of flame, and everything is more or less alight. Cooking under these circumstances has its excitements.' The storm, however, which had so ominously threatened to descend upon the travellers, passed off, and the air was once more fresh and the sky blue, with a few white clouds sweeping across it.

The travellers were now approaching a height of 20,700 feet, and suffered terribly from the snow and the extreme coldness of the atmosphere, and only saved themselves from being frost-bitten by taking off their shoes from time to time and vigorously rubbing the feet till life was brought back to them. Besides, the party all began to suffer from thirst, for the sun was not as yet powerful enough to melt snow for their drinking. They scrambled upwards, however, and after an hour and ten

minutes they reached an altitude of 21,350 feet. Here they were rewarded by finding, under a kindly rock, a pool of clear water, more precious to them than gold. As they advanced, they came to solid ice, and Zurbriggen's axe was heard to click! click! as he made the long striding steps which were to guide them upward. 'I mechanically,' says Mr Conway, 'struggled from one to another. I was dimly conscious of a vast depth down below on the right, filled with tortured glacier and gaping crevasses of monstrous size. Sometimes I would picture the frail ice-steps giving way, and the whole party falling down the precipitous slope. I asked myself upon which of the rocks projecting below should we meet with our final smash; and I inspected the schruns for the one that might be our last not unwelcome resting-place. Then there would be a reaction, and for a moment the grandeur of the scenery would make itself felt.'

On August 25th they had reached a height of 23,000 feet, and there were still peaks above them, but separated from them by a deep valley. All the party were suffering dreadfully from the effect of the altitude upon them. Their breathing apparatus, rather strangely, was working well enough, but their hearts were being sorely tried, and Mr Conway's was, he says, 'in a parlous state.' They had all practically reached the limits of their powers. They might have climbed a thousand feet higher, or even more, if climbing had been easy, but Zurbriggen said that another step he could not cut. They all recognised the fact that the greatest they were going to accomplish was done, and that henceforward nothing remained for them but downwards and home-wards. Yet they could hardly tear themselves away from the scene which lay below and around them, it was so magnificent and so rare.

A few minutes before four in the afternoon, they started downwards, when, as they were going down the steep ice-wall, they narrowly escaped an accident. 'Harkbir,' says Mr Conway, 'was leading, I was second, Zurbriggen was last. Bruce and Amar Sing were some way behind. Harkbir had no climbing irons, and, to make matters worse, the nails of his boots were quite rounded and smooth. He is not at all to blame for what happened. The ice-steps, small to start with, were worn by use and half melted off. The time came when, as I expected, one gave way, and Harkbir went flying forwards. I was holding the rope tight and was firm on my claws, and Zurbriggen had the rope tight behind me. The slope was very steep, but we easily held Harkbir. We were not descending straight down the slope, but traversing it diagonally. As soon, therefore, as Harkbir had fallen, he swung round with the rope, like a weight on the end of a pendulum, and came to rest, spread-eagled against the icy face. Now came the advantage of having a cool-headed and disciplined man to deal with. He did not lose his axe or become flustered, but went quietly to work, and after a time cut a hole for one foot and another for the other; then he got on his legs and returned to the track, and we con-

tinued the descent. At the time the whole incident seemed quite unexciting and ordinary; but I have often shivered since to think of it. The ice-slope below us where the slip happened was fully 2000 feet long.'

The book, as will be seen, is one to be read with pleasure not unalloyed with excitement; and when the scientific observations of the party—which are to appear in the future as a separate publication—are given to the world, this will form one of the most remarkable records of exploration which we have seen for many years.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

By JOHN K. LEYS, Author of *The Lindsays, &c.*

CHAPTER XL.—'THERE IS A SHADOW ON MY LIFE.'

A YEAR had come and gone since Lady Boldon had been left a widow; the second year was more than half over, and still Hugh Thesiger had not a second time asked her to marry him. It was not that he loved her less now than he had done that winter afternoon when he had waited for her by the stile. But he was a proud man, and he could not bear to go empty-handed to his love, and practically ask her to endow him with the wealth of the man whom she had for her own reasons preferred to himself.

He had long ago faced the situation. He knew it was not what he would have wished it to be. But he had promised to Adelaide, and he had sworn to himself, that the past should not be remembered against her. He could not ask her to divest herself of her wealth to satisfy his sentimental scruples; but he could at least wait till he could earn an income sufficient to support his wife in comfort without having recourse to Sir Richard's coffers.

And now that nearly two years had elapsed since the treaty of reconciliation was made between him and Adelaide, his resolve seemed to be in a fair way of fulfilment. His practice was steadily increasing; he had saved money; and he told himself that now he might any day without shame ask Adelaide to marry him.

This delay, and the long absences which Hugh's devotion to his profession necessarily involved, caused Lady Boldon many a heart-pang. She had, to tell the truth, expected that Hugh would long ago have asked her again to marry him; and though she half dreaded to hear a declaration from him, she felt his silence to be a wound, almost an insult. Sometimes she feared that he did not really love her—that the compact of renewed friendship was in his mind one of friendship pure and simple, without any suspicion, or any possibility, of a warmer feeling taking its place.

And all the time the dark shadow of her promise to Mr Felix hung like a thunder-cloud on the near horizon. Three times he had come to see her, making business, of course,

the excuse for his coming to the Chase; and she had compelled herself to treat him in a polite, and even a friendly, manner. But she could not pretend to herself that she could see the slightest sign of any change of mind or intention on his part. He had more tact than to make love to her—and for this she was thankful—nor did he ever in so many words remind her of the agreement between them; but there were not wanting signs that he remembered it well, and looked to its being fulfilled. She shuddered when she noticed those indications of the trouble in store for her, and resolutely shut her eyes, declining to think of the future altogether.

Several times, during those two years, Terence O'Neil had accompanied his friend to the quiet cottage where Lieutenant Thesiger and his wife were peacefully spending the evening of their life's day; and Hugh noticed with some concern that Terence had fallen in love with sweet Marjory Bruce. Terence betrayed himself in this way. Whenever he went to Chalfont with Hugh, he became suddenly zealous of attending church twice at least on Sundays; and always found some excellent excuse for preferring the service at Woodhurst to that at the nearest church. Hugh was not sorry to go to the Rectory, for he had always a chance of seeing Adelaide there; but when the thing had happened two or three times, Hugh laughed in the young Irishman's face, and told him he was in love with the Rector's daughter.

'And what if I am, then?' inquired poor Terence sorrowfully. 'What good will it do either of us? We can't get married; for I've nothing in the world but a small stock of law that nobody wants to draw upon. Surely, Hugh, of all the professions in the world for a poor man, ours is the worst. Why, you can't even help yourself: you must sit still till you are asked—or pretend to do that same—and I may sit till the old house in the Temple falls on me head, before any luck will come to me.—You don't think, now, Hugh, I would be justified in proposing to the girl?'

'I'm afraid not just at present, Terry; but don't lose heart. The sun may shine some day,' said Hugh.

Terence answered him only by a groan.

It was that fairest of months, the month of August. The Long Vacation had begun; and Hugh Thesiger set off for Hampshire, his heart beating high with hope. For he had been reckoning up the gains of the past year, and found that he had done better even than he had supposed; and he felt that the way was now clear for him to speak to Adelaide. Terence O'Neil had gone to see his friends in Ireland; but he meant to find his way to Chalfont by the beginning of September.

The heat of the day was over, and a delightful warm haze, which made the sunshine seem more radiant and more tender, spread over copse, and lane, and meadow, when Hugh Thesiger set out to woo Adelaide for the second time. He remembered that other day as if he had spent it in a dream. Then it was winter, and he had waited for her till the sun went down; and— Hugh set his teeth and put the re-

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membrance away from him. He *would not* ruin the happiness of the present by dwelling on the past.

Lady Boldon was at home; and Hugh easily persuaded her to come with him for a short stroll in the park. There was a chaperon, it may be mentioned, a Mrs Embleton, established at Roby Chase; but she was a discreet person, and understood well enough that the lamb whose innocence she was supposed to guard, was not one who would brook much interference, especially where Mr Thesiger was concerned.

The pride of Roby Chase was a river—it was certainly larger than a brook, so that it might without any great impropriety be called a river. Sir Richard had constructed a dam at one point of its course, so as to make an artificial lake. It was one of several improvements he had made on the estate; and many a time had he taken his guests to admire the little sheet of water, and tell them what it had cost him per square yard of surface. Lady Boldon remembered this as she seated herself with Hugh on a bench that commanded a view of the lake—remembered it with an inward shudder, that was followed by a sigh.

'Adelaide,' said Hugh, 'I asked you to come out here to-day to tell you—what you know already—that I love you.'

Lady Boldon was taken literally by surprise. She started, blushed as vividly as she could possibly have done four years before, and hid her face in her hands. It had come at last, the hour she had dreamt of and longed for! It was sweet, passing sweet to hear the man who long ago had won her heart tell her that he loved her. For one delicious moment she revelled in the sweetness of it, before the black thought came into her mind—'But I cannot promise to marry him: what—oh! what am I to say to him?'

'I have not said anything of this to you before, dearest, because I wished to gain a position of—well, of independence, first. That is done now. I have no wealth such as yours; but if you were to lose your property to-morrow, we should not be quite poor, so I can ask you without losing my self-respect.—Adelaide, dearest, you know how long I have loved you. Will you be my wife?'

He tried to drag the tightly laced fingers from before her face; but she kept them there obstinately. She could not bear that he should see her face.

'Will you marry me, Adelaide?'

'I am afraid I can't—can't promise you that just now, Hugh,' she said at last.

He started back, and turned very pale. He had expected, not without cause, a different answer. A second time, after giving him decided encouragement, this woman had rejected him. The first time she was only a country parson's daughter; but now she was rich—so rich that she perhaps thought it presumptuous in him to address her.

He rose to his feet. 'I have made a mistake, I see—for the second time.'

Before the sentence was half uttered, Lady Boldon's quick ear had caught the altered tone. She seized her lover by the arm, and hiding

her face on her hands as they grasped him, almost forced him back to his seat.

'No, no, Hugh; don't speak in that way. You—you don't understand.'

'Do you really love me, then, Adelaide?'

'Yes; oh! yes, I do; I do! You know I do! You know I loved you even when'—

'My darling!'

'But I cannot marry you—not yet, at least.'

'Why not?'

'I cannot tell you—not just now. There is a shadow on my life, which'— She stopped abruptly.

'Adelaide, we agreed that the past was to be forgotten,' said Hugh tenderly. He thought she was alluding to her marriage.

'Forget the past! Will the past ever allow us to forget it? It holds us in its dead hand, as in a vice!'

'Let us put away from us, then, all that reminds us of the past!' cried Hugh. 'Why not go back to the Rectory, and resume your old life there, until the day comes when you will give yourself to me?—Why not even give up the estate, and all the property you have inherited, if they prevent your having peace of mind? A fine estate is a fine thing, no doubt; but heart's ease is better. So long as you stay here, so long as you are the mistress of Roby Chase, your thoughts will dwell upon—on what you would be happier to forget.'

For a second or two Lady Boldon's eyes searched those of her lover. Could he really mean this? How generous he was! For a moment she allowed herself to wonder whether this solution of the difficulty were possible.

'No, Hugh,' she said at length. 'That would be foolishly quixotic.' She did not dare to tell him that to do this would be to abandon the dearest wish of her heart. She desired above all things that hers should be the helping hand by which he should rise to the summit of his ambition.

'Of course, money and a place like this are very desirable things; I do not mean to deny that for a moment. But I hardly understand. There is no *real* obstacle to our marriage, is there?'

'Yes, Hugh, there is. I feel that I cannot answer you now. In another year, perhaps—but we had better make no promises.'

'You must give me an answer, Adelaide; you must not send me away in this cruel uncertainty.'

'Is it cruel?' she asked, a glad smile lighting up her face. She was glad to think that he still cared for her so much.

'Adelaide,' he said, 'I cannot understand you.'

'Nor can I understand myself. Only, do not press me for an answer to-day. Your telling me that you still love me has made me very happy; but if it is so—if you really love me, can you not wait for me?'

'For our marriage, yes; though I don't see the need of waiting, and I should think it a great hardship. But why can't we be engaged at once?'

'It is better not, Hugh—better that we should not be formally betrothed at present.—Let us talk of something else. How is your friend O'Neil?'

'Terence, poor fellow, is in a bad way. He is in love.'

'Really?'

'Yes—with your sister Marjory.'

'Are you sure? I am not surprised to hear it; but I had doubted whether it was really the case.'

The two had risen by this time, and were moving slowly round the margin of the lake.

'I have sometimes wondered, Adelaide,' said Hugh abruptly, 'whether you would care to do some good with your money—to play the fairy godmother, you know. If so, I would recommend Terence and Marjory to your kind notice. Terence is a thoroughly good fellow, and he really loves your sister; but he is afraid to ask her, being so poor. He has a gift of ready speech, which, with his natural shrewdness, would make his fortune at the bar, if he could only find an opening. He ought to take a room on the ground-floor in the Temple, buy a set of law reports, join one or two good clubs, and lay himself out to make friends. If he did that, I feel certain he would get some business in a year or two. It would not take very much money to launch him properly. Of course, it would be spending capital—still, if Marjory likes him—'

'I'm afraid I couldn't do that,' said Lady Boldon, nervously plucking a rose and picking it to pieces. 'I would be glad to buy Marjory's trousseau, or furnish her house for her; but I would not like Mr O'Neil to expect that I should give her a fortune.'

Hugh looked at the woman beside him with amazement. He had long thought of this way of solving his friend's difficulties. It seemed to him only natural that Adelaide should, out of her many thousands, spare a few for her sister. He had thought it likely enough that she might object to Marjory's fortune being spent by Terence in the way he himself thought necessary; but he never for a moment anticipated that Adelaide would grudge the money. With all her faults, Adelaide had never been mean. Had her wealth already spoiled her?

'Marjory is a good girl,' said Adelaide gently—'a thousand times better than I am.'

This was said so entirely in Adelaide's old manner, that Hugh glanced at her again in surprise. If she cared for her sister, surely she could do this much for her.

'You must not think me shabby,' she said with a blush, laying her hand timidly on her companion's arm. 'Indeed, I would do anything I could for Marjory; but I am afraid what you suggested would hardly be prudent.'

She could not venture to dispose of the few thousands she had saved; for she could not tell how soon Roby Chase and her large income might pass from her. Hugh expected that she would offer some explanation of her inability or unwillingness to give Marjory a dowry; but none was forthcoming. Lady Boldon, fearing that already she had said too much, hastened to change the subject; and not long after this Hugh took his leave.

He went home in a very dissatisfied mood. His hopes, that had been so bright that morning, were not, indeed, shattered; but he had been bidden to wait an indefinite time for no

particular reason. There was an uncertainty, an absence of clear and intelligible motive, in all Adelaide had said. Why should she confess her love, yet refuse to be betrothed? Why speak so kindly of her sister, yet refuse to give her a small share of her wealth? These unanswered questions raised a mist, as it were—a cold, vague, intangible, clinging atmosphere of doubt and distrust in Hugh's mind, which his utmost efforts were unable to dispel.

And Lady Boldon? That night she felt as if the burden were too great for her to bear. Then, for the first time, when the cup of happiness which she dared not taste was put to her lips, did she realise how far she had gone astray. Twice there had come a moment of choice between two ways, and both times she had chosen the left-hand path.

Oh, what madness, she cried to herself now, in the bitterness of her heart, to sell herself for money, an empty title, and position in society, and reject the man who loved her! And then—worse, more stupid madness still—when once more she was free, when the opportunity of doing right was offered her, she had allowed a feeling of resentment against her husband's injustice, and her ambition for Hugh, joined to a longing to be able to make up to him in some way for the wrong she had done him—she had allowed these feelings to blind her eyes, and had fallen into a trap which even a child might have avoided.

She saw now the real character of her consent to Mr Felix's suggestion. She saw that her wish that the new will should not be produced on the day of the funeral was no mere desire for delay. She no longer imagined that some flaw in the will known to Mr Felix, something that no one else could discover, might have the effect of preserving the estate to her in a legal way. She told herself with a shudder, that the lawyer had intended simply to suppress the will. And this—*this* was the man she had promised to marry! Marry him—No! Then, was she to break faith with him? The consequence of that, she knew, would be not poverty, merely, but dishonour.

A score of times the thought came to her—'Can I not even now break this hateful chain—tell Mr Felix I cannot keep my promise to him, let him produce the concealed will, and give up the estate?'

But the penalty was too great! Gladly would she have done this, if she could then have placed her hand with confidence in that of her lover, and gone with him to London, to lead the life which once she had so much dreaded, a life of poverty. But that Paradise—as it seemed to her now—could no longer be hers. The delay in producing the later will would have to be explained. Mr Felix would be terribly exasperated, and doubly anxious to throw all the blame on her shoulders. He would be able, she felt sure, to make it appear that it was *she* who had instigated the intended fraud, that he was only an unwilling tool in her hands.

And so Hugh would know all! He would even know that she had promised—how she hated herself at the thought of it!—when her husband's body was scarcely buried, to marry this man Felix. Hugh's love had survived one

great blow. Could it live after all this was made known to him? She could not expect it. How she longed to throw herself down at his knees, at his feet, and tell him all—all—*all!* But she did not dare.

And behind all this there loomed in her imagination the shadow of a prison. She knew that she had joined in a conspiracy of silence, one that the law was pretty sure to lay hold of and punish. A convict prison! She trembled; and the thought of confession died out of her heart.

ABOUT SHARKS.

It is happily not given to many Englishmen to make the acquaintance of Sharks, unless to view stuffed specimens of their remains in the glass cases of some museum. The writer has observed them in many different seas, for they swarm in all tropical parts, and even for a considerable distance beyond the tropics. Of course, allusion is made only to the fiercer and more voracious species, for there are some species of shark which are fairly common in the British seas, where the man-eater is rarely seen.

Many people have heard of Port Royal Tom. In the early part of the century, Port Royal, in the island of Jamaica, was an important naval station, there being always some British men-of-war in the harbour, and it was the general rendezvous of the squadron in those seas. Desertions were very frequent, as the ships were anchored close to land, and the temptation to the average sailor to swim ashore was often too strong to be resisted, even though his only object was to have a 'speer.' Sharks were pretty plentiful in the harbour, and the Government hit on the expedient of enlisting some of them in the service to act as sentries. Accordingly, every day a certain quantity of salt pork was thrown overboard from the men-of-war at anchorage. The rations thus distributed soon came to be recognised and appreciated by the ravening monsters of the deep, who, in expectation of these welcome supplies, would cruise continually in the vicinity. One of these sharks was conspicuous by his great size and the constancy with which he kept to his post in the neighbourhood of the ships, and soon became known to all the sailors by the sobriquet of 'Port Royal Tom.' The terror which he inspired was sufficient to prevent the boldest seaman from making a break for liberty, for the shark was more dreaded than the sentry's rifle.

Notwithstanding the above, although the writer has lived many years in the West Indies, he has never heard of any authentic case of bathers being attacked by sharks; and such cases, it must be acknowledged, are extremely rare, for a shark will not readily attack a human being, and the stories which have been told of them are much exaggerated. They are naturally cowardly animals, and are not at all particular as to the quality of their food, being the most indiscriminate and voracious of eaters. They will seize and bolt any object which they see moving in the water, like some of their smaller congeners, such as the mackerel, which

can be easily caught by trolling a red rag or any bright object in the water. They are the veritable hyenas of the deep, and everything is grist that comes to their mill; even the foulest carrion they will greedily devour. We are inclined to think that their vices have been much exaggerated, and that they serve a good purpose in some tropical seas by acting as scavengers in the harbours, where they devour all the garbage; and the benefit thus conferred will be readily appreciated by any one who has lived in proximity to the tideless harbours of the West Indies, where the refuse which collects and festers in the tropical sun is a fruitful breeder of yellow fever and other diseases.

The jaw of a shark is a perfect study. In some species the adult members have six rows of teeth in each jaw, each tooth being serrated and pointed, the points being directed backwards, so as to form a veritable barb. These teeth, which in their normal state lie flat against the jaw, are erectile at will, and when the animal darts on his prey, they start on end in the same manner that a cat's claws are protruded from their sheath. When a shark seizes his prey, he is forced to bolt it whether willing or not, for the arrangement of the teeth will not allow him to disgorge his food, which can only pass inwards to the stomach. When a shark is killed and dissected, the contents of the stomach are often of a most miscellaneous character. One which was opened in the presence of the writer contained, among other articles, a horse's mane, and several empty bottles! The latter articles had probably been thrown overboard from some vessel in the harbour, and were presumably seized and swallowed by the rapacious creature before he had ascertained their exact nature.

The tenacity of life in these animals is scarcely credible. It is stated that a shark's heart will beat for half an hour after it has been removed from its body. The following story—for the accuracy of which the writer does not vouch—has been told in illustration of this fact, as also of their well-known voracity and insensibility to pain. The crew of a vessel were engaged in fishing for sharks, the bait consisting of a large piece of meat secured to a strong hook and chain. A number of sharks had been captured and their livers extracted—the shark's liver yields a valuable oil—and the carcasses were then thrown back into the sea. On hooking a new victim, the sailors, after hoisting him on deck, were surprised to find that it was one of the same sharks whose liver had been extracted half an hour previously, and who seemed in no way incommenced by the loss.

The livers of sharks, as stated, yield a large quantity of oil, and the extraction of this is in some districts a profitable business. As to what use it is put, we cannot pretend to state with certainty.

In the West Indies and other tropical parts, shark-fishing expeditions are sometimes organised by local sportsmen. A small schooner is chartered, and the fishes are captured in the same way as the mackerel on the British coasts, except that the bait and tackle are much larger,

and the landing of the victim is often an exciting and perilous operation. The writer was once a spectator of the following novel form of sport. In one of the West Indian harbours much infested with sharks, the dead body of a horse was procured, and towed out into deep water. This, as was expected, proved a great attraction for the monsters, and in a few minutes the horse's body was seen to be violently jerked up and down as the voracious animals tore away the flesh in long strips. The rope was then gradually drawn in until the boat was only a few yards distant from the bait, and the sharks could be plainly seen as they turned belly upwards when making a dart on their prey. A few rifles and revolvers were then produced, and some excellent target practice was obtained by the different members of the party, and in a few minutes the carcasses of more than a dozen sharks were floating on the water.

A less legitimate mode of procedure is that related by an old sailor. Sailors, as is well known, consider these animals as their natural enemies, and take a fiendish pleasure in torturing them by every means in their power. In this case, a large shark had been seen following a ship for some time, and one of the sailors hit upon the following plan. A large brick was procured and heated to redness in the galley stove. A piece of salt pork was then carefully wrapped round it, and the whole was thrown into the water right in front of the shark, who at once accepted the invitation, and almost as soon as the morsel had touched the water, his jaws had closed on it. For a few minutes he continued to gambol playfully round the ship, but at the end of that time he seemed to have misgivings. His uneasiness rapidly increased, and he soon commenced to lash the water in a paroxysm of fury; but all was in vain, and in a few minutes more his lifeless body was floating on the waves. This method of killing must, however, be denounced as a very cruel one.

In some parts of the world, sharks' flesh is reckoned a great delicacy. On the coast of Yucatan, it is publicly sold in the markets under the name of 'cazon;' and among the Chinese, sharks' fins are reckoned an aristocratic dish; but probably few Europeans would consider this an inviting article of diet.

As already said, the shark is a gross feeder. His favourite haunt is the mouth of a large river, especially where this is in a calm or land-locked harbour, and he greedily picks up all the garbage brought down by the stream. In such a neighbourhood, the black triangular fin which betrays his presence is frequently seen just above the surface of the water, and natives will often be found bathing in close proximity to the same without the least alarm, asserting that the shark will never attack a man. Although it is a very rare occurrence for a shark to attack a human being in the West Indies, those on the Australian coasts seem to be somewhat fiercer, judging by the more authentic reports of attacks by them which the writer has received from those quarters; but the species in the two seas are probably different.

The opening of the Suez Canal has been

commercially of immense benefit to the world, but in one respect it has been a disadvantage. Prior to the existence of the Suez Canal, sharks were unknown in the Mediterranean; but since the opening of the great waterway, it is reported that they have appeared in large numbers in that sea, where their presence is much feared by fishermen. On more than one occasion they have wrought havoc among the fishermen's nets in the neighbourhood of Pola, in the Adriatic, from which it may be inferred that they are now pretty well diffused throughout the Mediterranean.

A TALE OF OLD EDINBURGH.

By J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—THE LORD PROVOST HEARS A SOUND, AND SEES A WONDER.

It was in the days of the Great Marquis, in the year of grace 1645, when the fame and success of Montrose were at their height, that there took place the remarkable events which I am about to relate. It was a time when, as Sir Walter Scott says in his *Tales of a Grandfather*, Heaven seemed to have 'an especial controversy with the kingdom of Scotland.' The trained Scottish troops were in England, acting in concert with the armies of the English Parliament against King Charles I., and all the other available fighting-men on the Covenanting side were being hurried hither and thither about the Highlands and the bordering Lowlands, and were being regularly beaten by the Marquis of Montrose, acting for the king. That very year, 1645, Argyll, securely wintering in the Highlands, had been surprised by the daring Marquis and his Highlanders, with the snow on the ground, first at Inveraray, and then at Inverlochry. Threatened from the Lowlands in the spring by Generals Baillie and Hurry, Montrose had eluded them, and descending like a whirlwind on Dundee, sacked and pillaged it, and then conducted his famous retreat into the north, effected a junction with Lord Gordon from Aberdeenshire, beat the force of General Hurry in the battle of Auldearn, and a little later the combined forces of Hurry and Baillie at Alford, in the Gordon country.

The poor kingdom of Scotland was thus being drained of its capable men, its money, and its industry, to maintain the war in England and the suicidal strife at home; it was being wasted with sword and fire; its towns were sacked, its castles and homesteads burned; and then, as if these exhausting evils were not enough to endure, a raging plague, or pestilence, made its appearance with the heat of summer, and the hearts of men began to fail. The plague swept like a wind over all the country, leaving its seeds of death in all centres of population; but to the closes and wynds of Edinburgh it clung with an inveterate persistence. The dislocated Government,

represented by the Convention of Estates, fled to Perth from the awful presence of the plague, and Edinburgh was left to wallow in misery and fever, stripped of all protection, utterly defenceless save for the handful of soldiers that garrisoned the castle and kept watch over the Royalist prisoners secured there.

It was precisely at that crisis of wretchedness and horror that a new, an unexpected, an amazing misfortune befell the ancient city.

On a certain night in the middle of the July of that year, the hour of twelve was sounding and reverberating in the close and fevered air as two men emerged from the Greyfriars Churchyard. They were both soberly attired in such fashion of the time as marked them to be of the Covenanting party; but while the one wore a sword and a small ruff, the other wore Geneva bands and carried a staff. They walked slowly and pensively, and colloqued as they went. They had been attending the burial of one of their party who had been stricken down by the plague.

'Let us not be dismayed, good Master Wishart,' said he in the Geneva bands. 'Truly the Lord is trying His people in the furnace of affliction; but it is only as the refiner of gold, who is fain to purge out the fine gold and burn up the dross.'

'No doubt, sir, no doubt,' said Master Wishart, 'that is His will. I trust I may be found faithful in trial as any; but whiles, I confess, I am near to thinking that the Evil One himself must have a hand in the present troubles of this poor kingdom of Scotland.'

'O thou of little faith!' exclaimed the other, laying his hand on his arm. 'These be the doubts that weaken and destroy: the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines!'

'It may be so, sir—it may be so,' said Master Wishart. 'But I am doubly tried: I am tried both as magistrate and as father.'

'The more honoured are you, my worthy sir,' replied the other. 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. When these troubles shall be overpast, and the cause of the Covenant shall have triumphed over all enemies, then our joyful souls will make us as the chariots of Ammi-nadib.'

'It may be so, sir,' said Master Wishart; 'I hope it may. But at the present my heart and soul are filled with darkness and sorrow. And, I pray you, let us hasten our steps, for I would fain be by the bedside of my daughter.'

'True, Master Wishart, true,' said the other; and they hastened their steps. 'I pray the Lord,' he added fervently a moment later, 'that the lassie may be spared, for she is a chosen vessel!'

As they continued their way in silence to the High Street, they met one, and then another, and after that a third victim of the pestilence, being hurriedly borne by friends to the burying-ground; for it had been ordered by the Town-council that all funerals should be conducted at night, 'for the sake of halesomeness and good order.' At the tail of the last party there straggled an odd, bandy-legged, barefoot, dwarfish creature, arrayed in ragged

garments, and grasping a cudgel as if it were a baton of office. He came and peered in the faces of the two who were passing by.

'Guidsakes!' he exclaimed. 'But it's the Lord Provost himsel', and the holy and reverend Mr Galbraith! But I thought, minister, ye'd be aff to Perth wi' Argyll and the bonny westland yearls, learning how to fight that deil o' Montrose by rinnin' awa' frae the pest!'

'You're an unmannerly chield, Wattie!' said the Lord Provost.

'Me unmannerly?' exclaimed the creature. 'Hoots, Provost, ye're haverin'! It's they that's unmannerly that are aff bet-foot to Perth wi' the hail clinkum-clankum o' the Covenant and the Kirk, and the Convention and Estates, without saying to folk so muckle as "By your leave!"—though they leave me and you, Provost, a' the dirdum!—But I maunna bide.—I maun aff. This is the tenth the night,' said he, pointing after the funeral he had been following, and stirring his bare feet to be going.

'Ye'd better be going hame, Wattie, man,' said the Lord Provost.

'Hame? Me, hame?' said Wattie, moving off. 'I maun see after my business.'

'Your business, you rogue?' exclaimed the Provost.

'Weel,' cried Wattie, still drawing away, 'if yearls gang to Perth, and Provosts gang hame, wha is there but a poor fool like me to see that the dead folk are buried?'

'There's mair sense at times in the fool's folly,' said the Provost, 'than in other folk's wisdom.'

'He is a rude and irreverent creature,' said the minister, who had stood aloof and silent; 'there dwells in him a wicked spirit that the Kirk Session should exorcise.'

The Lord Provost and the minister continued at greater speed their course to the High Street by tortuous wynds and steep closes. Everywhere they were forcibly reminded of the plight the city was in—of its prevailing woe and its dearth of men. Late though it was, women greeted them sadly or brushed by them here and there, but never a man. Sounds of lamentation or of prayer echoed and re-echoed from the high, cliff-like houses, and hung drowsily in the thick, pestilential air; but the voices that uttered the sounds were all too plainly the weak voices of women—women without their natural protectors—women whose husbands, fathers, and grown sons were either with the Scottish army in England, or with the levies in futile pursuit of Montrose and his Highlanders, or dead—killed in battle, or, perhaps killed by the plague—women whose children, sisters, or mothers were probably then struggling for life with the terrible pest. Such thoughts as these flitted like night-birds about the Provost's head, and with a groan and a shiver of fear, he thought of his own daughter, his only child, upon whom also the plague had laid its hold, and he could not forbear a cry.

'Let us haste!' said he to the minister, and pressed up a steep close, wiping his brow.

They were in that steep and narrow way, pent as in a mountain gully between beetling cliffs of rock, when a sullen boom broke the

air overhead, and continued hurtling and rumbling between the tall, cliff-like houses.

'It is the voice of the Lord,' said the minister, 'speaking to us in the thunder!'

The Provost said nothing for a moment or two, till they had reached the top of the close and emerged upon the High Street. Then he looked up and away out to the open north, whence the light of day had scarcely yet disappeared, and where there was already a hint of the coming dawn. There was not a cloud in all the sky.

'More likely,' said he then, with a shake of the head, 'the cannon of that malignant and forsworn deil Montrose!'

'Montrose, Master Wishart?' exclaimed the minister. 'Montrose is among the hills ayont Perth!'

'And a fortnight ago, sir,' said the Provost bitterly, 'he was among the hills ayont Aberdeen! It might very well be the sound of Montrose and his red-shank Highlanders, ding-ing to bits the forces of the Covenant, as has been done already! And if Montrose and his red-shanks should come here, there's nothing to hinder their making their beds in Auld Reekie but the plague!'

'O ye of little faith!' exclaimed the minister. 'Even the stones of the High Street would rise up and oppose the forsworn malignant!'

'Maybe so, Maister Galbraith—maybe so,' said the Provost. 'But as chief magistrate of this ancient town, I can make no account of that likelihood; and as magistrate I ken there are not threescore men able to bear arms; and after the sprattle at Tibbermuir last September, it maun be plain to you as well as to me that our unexercised burghesses canna withstand the onset of half their number of Highland stots!'

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," quoted the minister complacently.

'Strong here, strong there,' quoth the Provost obstinately, 'Auld Reekie is in no condition to endure either leaguer or onset; and I should tell that kens!'

'It's faith that's lacking, as I have tauld ye, Master Wishart,' exclaimed the minister fervently; and continued to improve the occasion to edification down the High Street, and into the Lord Provost's house, and up the stairs to a chamber, at the door of which the magistrate paused.

'Whisht, man—whisht,' said he. 'This is her chalm, and aiblins she's sleeping.'

They entered softly, and approached the bed, by which, in the light of a single candle, sat two women—the one middle-aged, and the other very old, withered, and shrunken. The Provost took up the candle and went close to the bed, and there was revealed a very lovely female face, all hectic with fever, set in a disorder of dark hair, which was spread abroad upon the pillow. The weary sufferer rolled her head to the light, and moaned as she raised her dim eyes.

'My poor lammie!' murmured the father, bending over her, while the tears sprang to his eyes and sounded in his voice. 'It's a sair time for you. But it's the Lord's will that it should be sae!'

'As Eli said,' remarked the minister reverently, "'It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth Him good.'" And as David said, "Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord; for His mercies are great: and let me not fall into the hand of man."'

'My dear Lord,' murmured the old lady, with shining face, 'His mercies are ever sure!—The bairn has drunk her posset,' she added in a matter-of-fact tone, looking up in the face of the Provost. 'Ye'd better gang to your bed, my son, for ye maun be sair forlochten; and there will be a hantle to do yet when the daylight comes.'

'The bed's made in the blue chalm, said she who had not yet spoken, the Provost's wife, an upright, thin, severe-looking dame: 'you and the minister can turn in a while together. Granny and me will watch the night out here.'

The Provost set down the candle, and was turning obediently away, saying, 'We'll just streek us for an hour in our claithes,' when he stopped and asked, 'Did ye hear a sound like a rumble of thunder a while ago?'

'Thunder!' exclaimed the Provost's wife. 'I daursay, and well it might, for it's het enough for thunder and lightning too!'

'Thunder there was, but no lightning,' said the minister solemnly; for in those days most men were not sufficiently instructed to know that that was an impossible divorce of phenomena.

'Like the lectures of the Reverend Mr MacWhapple,' muttered the Provost aside.

'I heard it,' murmured the old dame; 'but it sounded to me liker the bang of a cannon—and I should ken, for mony's the time I've heard the sound: the bang of a cannon,' she continued, 'and I thought it cam out of the north.'

'What did I say?' exclaimed the Provost to the minister. 'Granny has aye a shrewd hearing. If she grees with me, ye may make sure there'll be stirring news before the day is mickle aulder; so it behoves us, minister, to tak a blink of sleep while we may.'

The Provost and the minister retired, but not to the blue chamber. They went to the chief sitting-room of the Provost's abode, where a small lamp was still burning, and there in silence the one disposed of himself in the window-seat, and the other stretched himself on a settle. They had slumbered little more than an hour when the morning light began to stream clearly through the unshuttered window, and waked the Provost in the window-seat.

The Provost waked the minister, and proposed a walk to the Salisbury Crag to breathe the fresh air, but more especially to note from so commanding a station if any threatening force were approaching the town. The minister declined the walk; he said he would prefer to spend the time in prayer with the watchers and the sufferer in the sick-chamber. The Provost led him to the sick-chamber. He inquired concerning his daughter, and was told sadly that she was just the same.

'I'm laith to go,' said he; 'but I conceive that my duty as the head of this unprotected

town calls me forth. Moreover, I can do nothing here for my poor smitten lammie. We must e'en wait patiently on the Lord.'

'The Lord is a buckler,' said the minister pointedly, 'to all those that trust in him.'

'He is that,' murmured the old dame.

And so in silence, in doubt and anxiety, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh descended the stairs and went out into the fresh morning air. He took his way towards the palace of Holyrood to reach the Salisbury Crags by the open route. The narrow Canongate lay in a kind of twilight, though it was bright sunshine high overhead; and the high houses on either hand looked to the Provost more sombre, silent, and unprotected than ever he had known them. There was no human being but himself abroad, and his solitary footfall echoed on the rough causeway, while now and then a furtive cat flashed silently across the way and disappeared.

The Provost had emerged from the Canongate into the sunshine, when his steps were arrested by the distant sound of music. He stood and listened: the sounds came nearer—of martial music—marching music—the music of fife and drum! Was it possible that Montrose had come so near the city without any premonition of his coming—other, perhaps, than the cannon-shot at midnight? Or, were the troops of the Covenant returning victorious? But, if they were victorious, why should they return? And if they were not victorious, why should they play such music? He listened again with attention, as the music came nearer; the air was not one he knew: it was neither song-tune nor psalm-tune. He might have puzzled thus much longer, had he not been surprised by the sudden appearance of the quaint and barefooted Wattie who had greeted him at midnight.

'Ye're out betimes, Provost,' said Wattie, 'but no before ye're wanted.'

'And whaur in the world do ye come from, ye land-louper?'—He was somewhat freer in his language now that he was unrestrained by the company of the minister.—'Whaur hae ye been a' the nicht, ye daft son of mis-chief?'

'Ow, Provost,' replied Wattie, 'just like him ye ken of—going to and fro on the earth, and walking up and down in it.—But ye maun rin, Provost, rin, if ye wouldna be ta'en by the men wi' dishclouts round their heads!'

'Run? What for should I run, ye donnert idiot?' demanded the Provost.

'We maun rin to raise the town, Provost!' cried Wattie. 'For we're invaded, man, attackit! Dinna ye hear the din o' their drums and fifes? Leith's surrendered, as the saying is, to the ships!—'

'What ships, you hivering idiot?' cried the angry and bewildered Provost.

'And we'll a' be sackit and burnt, and drawn and quartered, ilk mother's son o' us! So let's on to raise the town!—Rin, Provost! Rin, man!'

'Stand still, you clavering gype!' exclaimed the Provost, laying hold of him. 'Or I'll give ye something to squaich about!—Stand still, and tell me what ye mean! Wha are they that are coming on?'

'Comin' on, Provost!' cried Wattie. 'They're here! Will ye tak a fool's advice for ance, Provost? If we rin, we may get clear o' them yet, and raise the town!'

But the Provost stood fixed in amazement. Turning into view, there marched a large body of armed men, dressed strangely, in front of whom rode a man in similar dress, a dress he had never seen before, though he had heard of it. He was wrapped in indescribable light-coloured garments, on his head he wore a white turban, and in his right hand he carried a long lance! The Provost stood and rubbed his eyes: could it be that he only saw a vision?—the effect of his anxious and sleepless night? If it was not a dream, but reality, that was before him, then strange things were coming to pass; for such men as these had never been seen on Scottish soil before!

EARLY IRISH SEPULCHRAL ART.

In the county of Meath, between Slane and Netterville, on the left bank of the Boyne, there occur, within an area of two or three square miles, seventeen sepulchral cairns. The largest is known as New Grange; and about a mile to the east and west of it lie respectively two others, Dowth and Knowth. All three are of imposing proportions, and are visible one from another, the others being comparatively small. Only New Grange and Dowth have hitherto been explored in recent times.

After their historic spoliation by Danish invaders in the ninth century, the cairns remained undisturbed until 1699, when Llwyd, of the Ashmolean Museum, first described the inner aspect of New Grange. Soon after, it was again explored by Molyneux; and later on in the century, by Pownall, to whose description all later writers are indebted. The exploration of Dowth was carried out by the Royal Irish Academy in 1847, but only meagre Reports of the excavations have yet been published.

New Grange is a truncated cone of small loose native cogle stones, intermixed slightly with earth. It is erected on the flattened summit of a natural hillock, and its diameter at the point of contact is about three hundred and ten feet, that of the platform being one hundred and twenty feet. The total height was originally eighty feet, but ten feet have vanished before the wear of time. The weight of the cairn must be one hundred and eighty-nine thousand tons. A monolith formerly crowned the whole. There is a circle, originally comprising at least thirty freestone megaliths—of which ten only remain—at intervals of about thirty feet, in this respect closely resembling Stonehenge. About seventy-five feet from the outer rim, a rough funnel-shaped court leads to a slab of green micaceous slate, the threshold of a gallery leading to a chamber of a compound cruciform order, the centre being an irregular octagon, surmounted by a rude corbelled dome of a pattern common in Ireland. The masonry consists mainly of water-worn granite

boulders brought from the mouth of the Boyne, eight miles away. Some of the paving flags are basalt blocks, perhaps glaciated, resembling the rock of the Mourne Mountains. On three sides of the central chamber, side-chambers are built out, the gallery being on the south. Mammalian bones and deer-horn fragments are mentioned by Llwyd, and two entire unburned human skeletons by Molyneux. Some late Roman coins and gold torques may be regarded as proof of Danish spoliation.

Dowth is a cairn of loose stones, two hundred feet only in basal diameter, but more perfectly conical than New Grange. There are traces of a stone circle. A gallery leads to a small irregularly oval domical chamber with three side-chambers, of the pattern already described. The sloping roof of the apsidal chamber is just high enough for a sitting body. It is possible that there is a wing of small chambers near the circumference of the cairn. Fragments of a long-headed skull have been found, with burned bones, human and mammalian; besides unburned bones of the horse, pig, deer, fox, short-horn cattle, and birds. There were also globular sling-stones, a stone fibula, bone bodkins, copper pins, two iron knives and rings, a stone urn, glass and amber beads, and broken jet bracelets, probably not coeval with the first interment.

On the walls of these sepulchral chambers, and on one at least of the monoliths in the outer circle, there is a series of incised marks, which may have been picked out directly with a hammer, or else with a mallet and chisel. There is nothing in the engravings themselves to show whether the cutting-tool was of flint or bronze; but it was probably used with the free hand, without the aid of compasses. The New Grange designs are in the main a series of variously combined spirals of two types. A few are complex, and most skilfully done. In some instances, zig-zags and lozenges are associated with them. The single-line spiral is a pattern well known in Greece and Tuscany; but the double spiral, which begins with a loop, and generally makes seven turns, is distinctive of early Irish art. Large elegant instances of this form have been laboriously wrought in relief on the threshold of the gallery. In the west side-chamber there is a leaf-form which is claimed by some to be a palm-leaf of a pattern common in Phœnician art. But the pinnæ are opposite, and not alternate, and the general outline is—to be more precise—that of a fern-frond, resembling, in fact, one found on a monument of the same description near Carnac, in the Morbihan.

A more advanced group of designs has been held to be a mason's mark; while others have claimed it as a range of Phœnician numerals, incised on a stone which was prepared for use in another building, but found unsuited for its purpose. This presumption is based upon the apparent uselessness of sculptural design in the darkness of a sepulchre; but this view cannot be maintained, as art-work is associated with chambered barrows in many other places. The presence of the workman is vividly suggested by rows of smooth transverse marks on some of the uprights, which may have been produced by some primitive cable; while other marks seem to point to the use of the lithic surface as a whetstone.

Small mortices suggest the use of wedges for splitting or lifting the huge masses of stone which were held by the cairn-builders to enhance the majesty of the tomb.

In some instances the incisions are overlapped, and must therefore have been produced before the structure was finally put together. Some surfaces, recently brought to light by the dislodgment of stones which hitherto concealed them, exhibit the fresh track of the graving-tool. But it is not likely that engravings uniform in style and purpose are the work of different epochs, brought together from the remains of older buildings, though one may perhaps hazard the conjecture that, on the decease of a chieftain, the more distinctive architectural details of his residence were incorporated in the sepulchre wherein his remains were enshrined.

The Dowth sculpturings are richer than those of New Grange, and of a more delicate treatment. There is no reason for the assumption that they are on this account the work of a later hand. The spiral pattern, although frequent, is replaced in a large measure by natural outlines. The gallery wall here and there is lined with circles, curves, and zigzags, and the lithographic details of New Grange are reproduced on several of the uprights. There are, besides, rotate ornaments, concentric circles with centrifugal rays, and parallel right lines suggestive of oghams. Some high-reliefs represent lilaceous leaves sufficiently well to have been mistaken for fossil organic forms.

The origin and meaning of these early Irish engravings are obscure. It may be conceded with M. Joly that simple decorative ideas are intuitive and universal. Rude plain combinations of curves and right lines cannot be claimed as the art property of any one race, and there is on that account little room for conjecture in the circumstance that a double spiral of the New Grange pattern is to be observed on a frieze at Mycenæ. The Boyne cemetery resembles another at Lough Crew so perfectly in its cruciform chambers, its inset façades, and its curvilinear designs, as to lead to the belief that both were established by the same race. The presence of the bones of the Irish elk both at Lough Crew and at Dowth serves to localise the cairn-builders in a period when that animal was still extant. The double discontinuous spiral of New Grange contrasts strongly with the divergent spiral which is a feature of later Celtic art. This fact, combined with their lack of metals and of alphabetic writing, as well as their general relationship to the ancient tombs of Brittany, may be considered to prove the cairns pre-Celtic. The tradition of a dark Aryan or Iberian race—the Fírbolgs—as preceding the first Celtic bronze-smelters—Tuatha de Danaan—acquires at this stage a measure of significance. The interments, as already seen, point to those dark-skinned, long-headed neolithic men whose descendants still inhabit the remoter districts.

It may be useful to examine the evidence on which a Semitic origin has been claimed for the Boyne sepulchres. The admitted Asiaticism of the earliest Irish design is capable of a twofold explanation. The men who tooled these engravings, coming as they did from the East, must have brought with them reminiscences of their earlier

life. Did they set out from the graven rocks of Tartary, or from the hewn dwellings by the shores of the Levant? Did they cross the cold dark northern path, or were they those who reached Britain from the south, after North Europe had acquired a settled population? Were these archaic engravers neolithic or Celtic? To this question, in whatever form it may be propounded, the reply of written history is altogether harmonious with that of archaeology.

Early records have claimed a Phœnician origin for the Irish people. This assumption is futile, as in any case the Tyrian could hardly have been dominant in Ireland at any time. Extant remains may indeed prove the existence of Semitic commercial factories, or of missionary colonies of Syrian magi, along the coasts of Britain. But there are many arguments against the theory that the Meath cemetery is the product, direct or indirect, of Phœnician colonisation.

Tyrian colonists must always have known the use both of iron and of alphabetic writing, in traces of which the engraved tombs are wholly lacking. In regions admittedly Phœnician, such as the Sidonian Tyre and Candia, Rhodes and Malta, Carthage and Marseilles, no similar remains occur; while those which do occur present art-types wholly divergent from those of the Boyne. There is a distant likeness to certain coiled and spiked types occurring in the Maltese temple of Crendi, ascribed to Punic influence. But while, on the one hand, these do not resemble the rougher British work, their Punic origin, on the other, is still matter for doubt. Further, remains similar to those of the Boyne are found in parts of Britain which could never have been within the sphere of Tyrian influence; while within that sphere the most thoroughly colonised regions present no antiquities of the kind. Argylshire and the Orkneys afford numerous examples of these engravings; but they are entirely absent from Devon and Cornwall.

The extreme theory that the Boyne incisions mark the rite of Baal may be dismissed, as Phœnician sources supply no evidence that a spiral form was sacred to that deity. The points of coincidence in structure which subsist between New Grange and Memphis do not argue in favour of an Egyptian origin for the ruder tombs, any more than the same points of coincidence with the pyramids of Mexico argue in favour of an Aztec origin. The flat roof of the dome of New Grange resembles the dome of the Treasury of Atreus at Mycenæ, as well as the barrows of Tartary, which even Herodotus described.

It would be interesting to have the power of reconstructing the life of this early people. The supremacy of the larger cairns proves them to have pertained to chieftains of high rank. This fact of a somewhat settled political order is consistent with the recognition of the right of property, and, in consequence, the pastoral, if not even agricultural habits of the race. Light is shed on this question by the presence in the corridors of Dowth of bones of cattle and domestic animals. The existence of handicrafts is undeniable, and with that such primitive civilisation as would be involved in the notions of the division of labour and of commercial exchange. Speculation, however solidly based up to this point, could scarcely be carried further without

grave risk of error. When the antiquary has brought to light all that may be known of the story of the human past, a clearer picture will be drawn than may be drawn at present of the men who of old sculptured with rude hands the boulders of the Boyne, and of the faith and purpose by which they were impelled.

THE CHAPARRAL COCK.

Of the many different birds which possess to a marked degree the power of reasoning, there are none more intelligent than the Chaparral Cock, or 'road-runner,' as it is commonly called in Southern California and the northern provinces of Mexico, where it makes its home. It is a bird of which the Mexican peons and Indians tell the most marvellous tales, and one which is held by them in almost religious esteem. Yet it is not a showy bird—far from it; the colour of its plumage is unostentatious to a degree, being a sombre olive green intermingled with gray. In shape it much resembles our common English magpie, and is perhaps half as large again. It carries on its head a slight crest, somewhat similar to the jay's, which, while running, it keeps in constant motion. Though supplied by nature with a pair of wings capable of sustaining it in a long flight, it but rarely uses any other means of progression than its legs.

As the traveller leisurely drives along the sandy roads of Southern California, raising in his wake a cloud of dust, his attention will be drawn to one of these birds, which has suddenly appeared on the scene from the cactus of the surrounding plain. Dropping into a steady business-like gait, it will keep ahead of him some twenty-five or thirty yards without any apparent effort. It matters not whether he urges his horse forward, or keeps it quietly jogging along, he will always notice this bird running about the same distance in advance; and under no other condition than that of his horse being pushed into a gallop, will it take to flight. For miles this strange bird will lead him in Indian file over roads dusty and uninviting in the extreme, upon which the sun beats down, with no tree, save here and there an isolated palm, to shade from its fierce rays. At last, when he has become so accustomed to seeing it in front of him, that he expects to arrive at his journey's end still convoyed by his strange companion, it will vanish from the scene to be lost in the cactus whence it so suddenly appeared miles behind. Owing to this peculiar habit, it is called and more commonly known as the road-runner.

When the writer was a new arrival in Mexico, he regarded the numerous stories told of its cunning by the natives with ridicule, and considered himself wise in taking them *cum grano salis*. Nor was it till after personally becoming acquainted with the strategy it

brings to bear in the destruction of the crotalus (rattlesnake), that he likewise became one of its enthusiastic admirers.

It happened thus. The day was hot and sultry; the thermometer registered one hundred and four degrees in the shade, where such was to be obtained; and I, overcome by fatigue and heat, crawled under a manzanita bush to seek some protection from the sun. A good restful slumber it was impossible to obtain. Alternately, I was awake, then dozing off again. It was during one of those intervals, when the stifling atmosphere prohibited sleep, that I became conscious of a loud chattering close at hand. Inquisitive as to its cause, I rose to my knees and peered through the bush. Beyond it, I saw, on a little hillock near by, a pair of chaparral birds, with crests erect and wings beating the ground, in the act of circling round a large rattlesnake, at such a distance as to be out of reach, yet near enough to present from their actions a very formidable appearance. The latter was coiled in the position such reptiles always assume when on the defensive. The tip of its tail stood erect behind its head, giving forth that ominous rattle, at all times a certain signal of danger. For several minutes the birds kept up their dance round it; then one of them left, to return immediately, carrying in its bill a little ball of cactus. This it placed at a short distance from the snake, and again left to return with another. For the space of fully twenty minutes the two birds kept it coiled, one staying near at hand while the other went in search of cactus. At last they had encircled their victim with a barrier beyond which it could not pass, and behind which it was held as securely a prisoner as the convict in his prison cell. Having accomplished this, they stopped to rest.

The rattlesnake, confident in its death-dealing power, lay coiled, its wicked, restless eyes watching every movement made by its tormentors. Even then, it did not appear to appreciate the full extent of its danger, for had it not a hundred times before slowly mesmerised the birds of the desert, and would not a single stroke of its venomous fangs be sufficient to end the conflict then and there, as far as one was concerned? Little did it think, in all its self-confidence, of that bristling circle which encompassed it, and effectually cut off retreat on every side.

It was not until the short respite granted by its foes was concluded, and they commenced their attack, that it found itself hemmed in beyond all hope of escape. Presently, one of them hopped inside the ring. With feathers bristling and head near the ground, it approached the coiled snake much as one gamecock advances to give combat to another.

'Foolhardy bird!' I said to myself; 'your days, nay, your very moments, are numbered.'

Quicker than the thought had time to pass through my mind almost, the rattlesnake sprang towards it, and lo! the bird I had expected to see lie quivering in the sand, bitten to death by those awful fangs, lightly hopped outside the barrier unharmed. Before the snake had time to coil again, the bird's companion like-

wise hopped into the circle from the other side and pecked it in the rear. Then the battle waxed fast and furious. Time and again the rattlesnake coiled and darted at its nimble foes, but without avail. Their agility in getting out of harm's way was simply marvellous, neither did any fear of danger seem to be evident in their demeanour. On the contrary, they appeared to have calculated distances as nicely, and with as much coolness, as a Spanish bull-fighter ere he delivers his *coup*.

It soon became evident that the struggle could not last much longer, for the snake, owing to its great exertions, rapidly became weaker. From incessant striking and missing the mark, but never in turn being missed by the implacable chaparrals, it at last became so completely worn out that it had not the strength to coil. It then lay listlessly on the sand, limp and powerless. Bleeding from a score of wounds, it presented the aspect of a thoroughly beaten foe. Helpless though it was, it faced its enemies to the last. Its eyes were settled in a vacant stare, and its tongue moved slowly from side to side. Finally, one of its relentless antagonists, rising to the occasion, rapidly descended upon its skull, by plunging its powerful bill through which, it quickly put an end to what had become an uneven struggle. Thus, with one convulsive shudder, the most venomous of all North American snakes lay dead at the feet of birds which, under ordinary circumstances, it might treat with impunity, but which, by the exercise of a truly wondrous strategy, had proved its master.

Strange to say, the plan of action they had adopted to cut off their victim's retreat, and likewise for their own safety, was very similar to the means used by cowboys and frontiersmen, when sleeping on the plains, to ward off the approach of rattlesnakes. So well is the latter's antipathy to anything bristling known, that before retiring for the night, the traveller who is compelled to sleep in the open takes his lasso—which in that country is made of horse-hair rope—and stretches it round him in a circle. Safe within, he goes to sleep without fear of molestation, for he knows that no snake can pass the barrier thus made. Curious as this seems, it is nevertheless a fact, for the irritation which the stiff, projecting bristles cause on entering the interstices between the scales, proves too great an obstacle to be overcome. To a much greater degree is this the case with cactus; and thus these strange birds of the desert have by observation arrived at the same conclusion, and wage war on their deadly enemy by following similar tactics to those employed by man in his own defence.

For some few minutes after all was over, I watched the two birds perched on the bough of a manzanita bush, loudly chattering to themselves a pæan of victory. As I did so, I thought how much is that vague thing styled instinct akin to human nature.

A walk to the scene of the late combat showed me the snake lying dead within the circle of cactus. Its tormentors had made no effort to devour it. There it lay just in the same position as when one of them had administered to it that final blow which had

penetrated through the skull even to the ground beneath. Its foes had been no mere pot-hunters; no; they had had a duty to perform, and nobly they had accomplished it, as the mutilated carcass of their victim, drying under the fierce rays of an almost tropical sun, was abundant testimony.

A NORTH DEVON PARADISE IN LATE AUTUMN.

THE charming little watering-place on the North Devon coast, which has a dual existence as Lynmouth and Lynton, is a recognised favourite with Londoners and towns-folk in general, who flock to it for their annual summer holiday. In the first place, it is very quiet and secluded. It is far removed from the noise and bustle of the world. No railway train with hideous shriek and stifling smoke comes within eighteen miles of it. Then it is situated amidst some of the loveliest scenery of lovely Devonshire: on the one side, the purple moors; on the other, the blue sea; and the village—for it is little more than a village—nestling in the wooded cleft through which the Lynn leaps in waterfall and cascade, to lose itself in the pebbly beach and amid the wild breakers which chafe and churn around that rocky coast. And the place has a distinctive literary history of its own. As the Highlands of Scotland were first discovered by Walter Scott, with whom, in fact, originated the cult of landscape, so the beauties of North Devon were first described by Charles Kingsley; and the neighbourhood of Lynmouth in particular was opened out to an appreciative public by the author of *Lorna Doone*.

And if Lynmouth is beautiful in the summer season, it has a special character of its own, and is still an artist's paradise when the annual tourist has departed and the summer season is over. Nay, from personal experience, I may assert that it is not seen in its utmost charm of beauty until then. The spring tints are doubtless fair and fresh; for after the gloom of winter, the spring clothing of our trees comes with a sort of sudden surprise to the unaccustomed eye. But the glory of the Lynmouth woods is to be found in the variety of colours with which late autumn transmutes the summer greens into gold and orange and vermillion. In this respect, Devonshire has the advantage of Derbyshire. The dales between Matlock and Buxton are tame in comparison with the Lynn Valley and its brilliant and varied foliage. Moreover, there is one autumnal tint which I have never seen in perfection anywhere else: the yellow aspect of the withering fern, which breaks in patches through the short emerald turf of the hills, and flushes the under woods with colour.

After a somewhat dreary drive over the moors from Barnstaple, the traveller to Lynmouth finds himself at dusk beginning the long

and steep descent into the Lynn Valley. The road has been hitherto shut in on each side, like most of those in North Devon, by stone fences, on which are planted dwarf beech-trees, a necessary protection against cutting winds. Now it winds precipitously downwards through a wooded valley. The little Devon horses, bred on the moors, trot merrily along, making no account of the steep declivity. So we soon reach our destination, the electric lights dazzling our eyes, like constellations of stars in the darkness, shining high up in the Lynton woods, and down in the valley below where Lynmouth nestles; and in our ears the rush of the rapid river, which will be a sound heard night and day henceforth, so long as we remain in the place.

It was a lovely morning in early October when we got down to the beach next day. We call the month 'Chill October'; but in truth it is sometimes one of the loveliest in the year—a month of soft melting skies and hazy distances, as if Nature had donned a bridal veil of mist, to greet the approach of her rough bridegroom, Winter. And the view from the beach of Lynmouth on this fine autumnal morning was unrivalled of its kind. The morning haze gave a purple bloom to the hill-sides, a thousand feet high, which formed the background of the landscape, and lay in deep and solemn shadow. But long, quivering drafts of tender sunshine poured down through a ravine on the right, and lit up the several rounded masses of amber and orange foliage which crept from crag to crag down to the narrow glen through which the river winds. The houses of the little town which follow the windings of the stream were hearsed in mist, from out of which the Lynn leaped down to the sea with the multitudinous laughter of its tiny waterfalls. It had come with many a bound and leap from Exmoor, a thousand feet above, gliding beneath the banks in dark deep pools of indigo and umber, which reflected the oaks and beeches overhanging the still depths of the river. It swirled and chafed in chrysoprase and dazzling veins of snow around the moss-grown rocks which choked the current and barred the way of its escape.

Many an artist's white umbrella was to be seen in some quiet nook in the rocky bed of the river, and from dewy dawn till the amber glow of evening, the happy occupant of the camp-stool is portraying, with more or less of ability, some bit of scenery which has caught his fancy. Whosoever looks upon the results of these various artistic efforts can scarcely fail of having the aphorism brought home to him that

We receive but what we give,
And in ourselves alone does Nature live.

This, in fact, constitutes the glory and the charm of art; but it is at the same time too often the purgatory of the artist who fails to realise his ideal, and on whose canvas no charm of Nature lingers, no witchery of skill appears, to arrest the attention of the spectator.

But if the Lynn can charm us with beauty in its more peaceful moods, it knows how to be both savage and dangerous when the strong

sou'-wester has been blowing wildly through the night over the wild moors above. Such a morning I remember well, for it had an element of human tragedy in it. All through the night, the gale had blown strongly, lashing the trees with tempest and rain on Lynton cliffs and in Brendon Valley; bending stout branches to the ground and snapping them off, and driving the autumnal leaves slantwise in its furious onset. Then the little brooks on Exmoor became chock-full; and white runnels leaped down the hill-sides; and the valley was flooded by the swollen current, chocolate-coloured, dashing madly over rock and bank, and sweeping all before it in its wild career. Woe betide whosoever or whatever shall fall into its channel then! Tree trunks are rolled along like twigs. Dead sheep are whirled over and over, and lost in the deep pools, or borne away to meet the angry breakers on the shore. Little children often meet their death when Lynn is in spate. And what is the sudden excitement to-day which has called half the population out of doors, headed by the coastguard, who are gazing up and down the banks of the river as it debouches to the sea? A messenger on horseback has just brought word down that at Brendon—five miles off—the mother of a family has been swept away by the current as she was stooping over to draw water, and has been carried down and down, rolled over and over—in the very sight of her children—by the dark and swollen stream, till at last she disappeared from sight. A few hours afterwards, her body was found, three or four miles from her home, caught and wedged in the roots and rocks in one of the deep pools of the river, and so rescued from the cruel sea for Christian burial. There, up above, a thousand feet or more, on Countisbury cliffs, she will be laid to rest in the churchyard of 'the little gray church on the windy hill,' one of the few unrestored primitive little churches still left to remind us of times and customs and modes of worship that have passed away within the ken of the present generation.

But if the artist cannot sketch on the morning after a heavy gale, he is not left without resources when he has put aside his camp-stool and easel. Most artists are fishers as well, especially those who resort to Lynmouth. And the recent fresh, which has brought down the waters of Lynn in a muddy torrent, has doubtless brought up some sea-trout, and possibly a salmon or two, from the sea on the way to their spawning-ground in Brendon River or Badgery Water, and the river this afternoon will be in first-rate order for the worm. Where shall we take our stand as a likely place from which to hook Mr Salmo Farjo in his upward course? We will not linger in the lower reaches, where a dozen anglers at least are busy already with rod and line. We will get above the rapids which rush through the village, past the village school and the rustic bridge. Farther up, we shall find a deep pool hemmed in with gray crags, over which the gnarled oak-trees bend their fantastic arms, bearded with moss and fern. There, if anywhere, we shall have the best chance of a big fish, the last of the season; for the close-time for salmon will begin

in a day or two. We let the bait, well leaded, roll over and over in a likely pool, just beneath a large overhanging boulder. Was that a nibble? We feel a pull, and the line is trembling. Pshaw! The hook has caught in some impediment at the bottom—a broken branch, perhaps, or a moss-grown rock. There is nothing for it but to break the gut. Well, another hook and bait are soon found and fixed. This time, there is a pull and vibration which sets our hearts beating. We strike gently. Then comes a steady rush and swirl, which tells that a fish is on. We wind up and raise the rod, to keep him out of the rapids; for that fish must be played and killed within the circuit of the pool, or he will be lost. He rises to the surface and springs into the air, once, twice, showing his silver sides. He plunges down again! He is drawing perilously near to the broken water now, and we must give him the butt. The rod bends double, but the strain holds; and we guide him gently and persuasively to the bank, when our attendant gaffs him with a skilful hand. And soon he lies gasping on the moss-grown bank, a bar of molten silver, a fresh-run fish of eight or nine pounds weight. Look at him well, the beauty! It is the last fish of the season!

LOVERS STILL.

His hair as wintry snow is white;
Her trembling steps are slow;
His eyes have lost their merry light;
Her cheeks, their rosy glow.
Her hair has not its tints of gold;
His voice, no joyous trill;
And yet, though feeble, gray, and old,
They're faithful lovers still.

Since they were wed, on lawn and lea
Oft did the daisies blow,
And oft across the trackless sea
Did swallows come and go;
Oft were the forest branches bare;
And oft, in gold arrayed,
Oft did the lilies scent the air,
The roses bloom and fade.

They've had their share of hopes and fears,
Their share of bliss and bale,
Since first he whispered in her ears
A lover's tender tale;
Full many a thorn amid the flowers
Has lain upon their way;
They've had their dull November hours
As well as days of May.

But firm and true through weal and woe,
Through change of time and scene,
Through winter's gloom, through summer's glow,
Their faith and love have been;
Together hand in hand they pass
Serenely down life's hill,
In hopes one grave in churchyard grass
May hold them lovers still.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

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